

A S O N G

CUP 219.37/81

For the Independent Burgeſſes of Newcaſtle.

By a L A D Y.

COME all you honeſt Burgeſſes who dare to ſpeak your mind,
Whoſe hearts to Phipps and Delaval are ſteadily inclin'd;

And a polling we will go, we'll go, we'll go, and a polling we will go.

No Blackett, nor no Ridley, with all their lac'd-coat crew,
For honeſty of heart and mind can ever equal you;

And a polling we will go, &c.

They treated you as merely ſlaves, and not like men free-born
To beggars they compared you, all tatter'd, and all torn;

And a polling we will go, &c.

Turbulent and factious, they call the free-born ſoul,
Who dares exert his liberty, beyond their mean controul;

And a polling we will go, &c.

Their pomp and all their influence, will ſoon turn out in vain,
For honeſt men will ne'er be dup'd by ſuch a motley train;

And a polling we will go, &c.

Then down with Tory Watt. and Matt. and every cringing ſlave,
Who only for their private ends, your ſuffrages do crave;

And a polling we will go, &c.

There's Delaval and Capt. Phipps, both honeſt men and true,
Will guard your laws and liberties, againſt the Tory crew;

And a polling we will go, &c.

Success unto the Burgeſſes, who are, and will be free.
May ſuch as diſlike liberty, for e'er enſlaved be;

And a polling we will go, &c.

May no enſlaving principles to you return again;
But ſhew your king and country, you will be honeſt men;

And a polling we will go, &c.

Then fir'd by your example, a ſpirit of emulation,
May ſpread from Banks of Tyne, to ſave this ſinking nation;

And a polling we will go, we'll go, we'll go, and a polling we will go.